

The Evening World.

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A GREAT CHANCE.

CHURCH ORGANS are made in this country. But in many cases certain parts of the mechanism, including the stops, are imported from Germany. An American organ manufacturer whose German supplies are cut off by the war is going to take a \$30,000 organ to pieces in order that his workmen here may learn to duplicate the German stops.

Here is a hint for the whole country. Now is the time to fill the place of the "foreign made article" and hold it.

The National Association of Manufacturers has started a nationwide campaign to induce industry in this country to jump to its opportunity and supply American consumers with some of the commodities which Europe can no longer send us. A confidential bulletin has been sent to 84,000 American manufacturers describing lines of foreign goods known to be cut off and urging them to seize the chance to provide American made substitutes.

Let us see if Yankee enterprise is too prosperous and middle-aged to bestir itself. The possibilities are incalculable.

The American flag is going to be a more inspiring sight than ever now we can look for it where we have longed to see it—on big ships in the world's great harbors.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL.

THE President's proclamation urging the people of the United States to be neutral as fellow citizens no less than as a nation is short enough for everybody to read and sound enough to be of profit to each and all.

With the world in its present state "the one great nation at peace, the one people holding itself ready to play a part of impartial mediation and speak the counsels of peace," has indeed a special responsibility to continue worthy of the high position in which it finds itself.

Every man, woman and child in the United States at the present moment is privileged to live at one of the most momentous crises of the Christian era. No violence of sympathy, no passionate excess of partisanship must be allowed to justify a single foot-note of reproach in what history will have to write about this nation's conduct.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S ERROR SURVIVES.

In the eighteenth century a professor once tried to impress Frederick the Great with the vast improvement in mankind:

"We have come to see that men are naturally more inclined to good than to evil. They no longer act like brutes and madmen. They merit encouragement and patience rather than severity and repression."

The King of Prussia shrugged his shoulders and smiled a crooked smile.

"My dear Mueller," he retorted, "you don't know the damned race!"

TREELESS STREETS OF MANHATTAN.

A PROFITABLE reminder for the city comes from the Tree Planters' Association which recently commissioned Prof. Francis of the State College of Forestry to make a detailed survey of the streets of Manhattan.

Having completed his examination of the area east of Fifth avenue, between Eighty-sixth and Fortieth streets, he reports that this district includes sixty miles of streets, forty miles of which can readily sustain growing vegetation.

In all this area there are only 541 trees! There could be 10,500. All that is needed to give to bare, unsunk thoroughfares where millions of men, women and children spend their lives the grateful shade, sightliness and comfort of green leaves is a little municipal initiative and a little municipal money.

Let New York ponder this. The few trees it has left in its streets disappear from year to year. No building enterprise, no "betterment" ever spares a tree. Insects and lack of care kill what "improvement" leaves.

Smaller cities like Buffalo, Newark, New Haven, Springfield glory in their shady tree-lined streets and spend thought and money to preserve and replace their trees.

In another generation practically all Manhattan streets will be treeless. Does nobody care?

The great war drama fills the stage. But the asbestos curtain remains down.

The Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

No. 8—The Siege of Paris.

THE German armies drew their steel lines tight about Paris. Practically no food could be smuggled into the beleaguered city. Thus, the defenders were harassed by three sides of food by the bombarding Germans, by starvation, and by riots and intrigues among themselves. It was a bad and unbreakable combination. Yet for more than four months Paris gallantly held out against it.

The Parisians, despite these drawbacks, fought like heroes. They volunteered by thousands to join in the most desperate attacks against their German foes. They endured hunger and the bitter cold of that 1870-1871 winter with a gallant gaiety that won the wonder of every nation.

Fighting, starving, freezing, they still laughed. They laughed at the dark waters of German shells that fell and night hammered the city. They laughed at the Prussians the butt of a million jokes. Whatever their

faults, these besieged Frenchmen had not one scrap of cowardice in their makeup.

Their country was thrashed, their capital was doomed. The several relief armies raised for their assistance were scattered long before they could reach Paris. There was certain to be a tremendous war indemnity to scourge them still further.

Yet through it all they festered and fought and intrigued and suffered. And with no word of complaint. An extract from a letter written during the siege will show something of what the defenders endured:

"The price of a rat, caught in the sewers and half cooked (for fuel, too, is pitifully scarce) is far higher than we formerly paid for a spring chicken."

Still, Paris held out. If her politicians had served as "horrible examples" for Europe, her people's heroism was a glorious example for the whole world.

(To Be Continued.)

The G. O. P.

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By Robert Minor



The Jarr Family.

by Roy L. McCardell.

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AT the famous and popular roadhouse, Cheese Hill Inn, the colored quartet of musicians played and sang, for occasionally the dancers were regaled with song by the versatile, syncopating Senegambians, and the waiters served almost exclusively the Jarr-Smith family.

But just as the event of the evening was announced—the contest for the Cheese Hill Inn Cup for dancing—all professionals and "sharpshooters" (as chronic dance cup hunters are called) hurried, an interruption occurred.

The interruption was the entrance of a noisy party of men and women, led by a handsome pink-faced man who wore large diamond buttons in his costly light blue silk outing shirt. Immediately the waiters divided their allegiance and half of them swarmed around the newcomers.

The captain of the waiters had them seated near the Jarr-Smith party and the pink-faced man began to bellow for "a couple of quarts of REAL wine!"

At this point one of the waiters passed with a wine cooler containing a bottle of champagne for Mr. Jarr and his friends. The pink-faced man halted the waiter, and with a fat white hand lifted out the bottle of champagne from the ice. "Take that stuff away!" he roared. "Bring these people a quart of Perfect Brut! They look like ladies and gentlemen!"

Hits From Sharp Wits.

After all, most current opinions are only second hand.

The reason why so many people fail to find happiness is that they look for it outside themselves.—Albany Journal.

A busy tongue often makes lots of hard work for other men.

The difference between genius and talent is the difference between expectation and realization.—Deseret News.

The habitual faultfinder never gets to a point when he has nothing in his line to do.

The man who has nothing to do but to stand around and talk politics is not a safe political adviser.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Pouf! What Is That European War To This Battle Now Impending?

"What's wrong with this kind?" asked old Mr. Smith apprehensively. "We've been paying eight dollars a bottle for it!"

"Would I see you poisoned before my eyes?" asked the pink-faced man. "Pink Seal, huh! I know the stuff. It's made fresh every hour of chemicals in the east side factory. I represent Perfect Brut—The Wine of Kings and The King of Wines! Take this stuff and throw it out!"

"Oh, George, don't talk shop," cried

a trim figured sylph with golden hair, who was with the newcomers.

"We just dropped in to win the cup, I hear you got a contest on to-night."

"I run out with Maxis in my new ninety horse power car as soon as I hear of it. Maxis has copped every cup she's won after. Hey, Maxis? And I tell you what, where Maxis dances and don't cop a cup, me and my friends pass up the joint after that. Get me?"

"He's brought two professional

dancers with him!" hissed Clara Mudridge-Smith.

"It's all right, my dear, I'll attend to that!" whispered her husband. And he beckoned to the head waiter.

"We'll have to let Mr. Lushford's friends—his George Lushford, the famous wine agent—compete," replied the head waiter. "We can't afford to lose his patronage. But it will be all right. We'll announce strictly ballroom steps, and the lady with him, Miss Montessor, can't dance with her feet on the floor."

Mr. Jarr saw trouble was coming and that it was coming on a fast train. The only cup to be contested for was the one the boss had brought secretly along, then had bribed the head waiter that his wife should win—and now here, at the last minute, was an added starter whose claims could not be denied. There would be a real contest for the cup. Mr. Jarr turned pale.

But the music struck up, and as in a nightmare, he entered the arena as the partner of that most determined of cup hunters, Clara Mudridge-Smith.

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Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON—BEING THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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MY Daughter, hearken unto the words of The Optimist!

For a Cheerful Disposition is a wonderful thing; and a Sense of Humor more pleasant than a Scotch Conscience in times of sorrow.

Behold, while the price of food riseth, and the husband-famine increaseth, ALL is not sadness and tribulation.

For, even unto the War Cloud there is a Silver Lining!

Verily, verily, already have the Suffragettes of England ceased their ravings and the casting of bricks and the throwing of bombs, and are doing something USEFUL.

Already have the joke-writers and the comic papers and the cartoonists FORGOTTEN the suffragettes, to mock at them.

And, peradventure, we shall have ONE NEW JOKE this season!

Yea, though palaces shall fall, and bridges be burned, and villages sacked, we shall not utterly lose heart.

For, peradventure, the MONA LISA shall be destroyed forever.

And we shall no longer be covered with shame that we CANNOT see any beauty in the smile-that-won't-come-off, nor be forced to mortify our lips with lies and ravings concerning the pea-green lady on the sea-green canvas.

Yea, peradventure, all the china ornaments and pottery and objets d'art "made in Germany" shall be shattered, and our eyes shall no longer be smitten by the sight thereof.

Peradventure, the enemy shall succeed in burning all the librettos of the Viennese OPERAS; and, when the autumn comes, our ears shall be rejoiced with a BRAND NEW waltz-tune.

Yet, greater than all of these and a thousand times more consoling is one sweetly solemn thought.

THE PARIS STYLES are NOT coming over!

And we shall no longer be covered with FREAKS and persecuted with hideousness.

For PAUL POIRET hath gone to the War!

Then consider, my Daughter, how SWEET a thing is Optimism in a world like this.

For, while "wise" and "intelligent" men are tearing one another to pieces, and burning one another's homes, and shattering one another's heads, "foolish, stupid, little" women can sit at home and invent EXCUSES for them.

Which hath been woman's mission since the beginning of time. Selah.

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Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward.

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Two, sharp, on Saturday

afternoon, Mr. Brown appeared, togged in the plaid sport coat, the largest goggles, the loveliest gauntlets and the shiniest motor cap I've ever seen.

"Your husband says he can teach me how to run a car in one lesson," he told Ma. "Marvellous, I call it. Come. I am prepared to learn."

"It's better to learn out here on the nice quiet roads," remarked Mr. Brown a few minutes later. "In the city a beginner can do so much damage. Now, out here there's nothing to be damaged."

"The first thing you gotta master," said Pop in his most patronizing manner, "is how to steer. You're a rotten steerer. You proved it when you rammed Green's motor boat into the raft last summer. After steering you gotta learn the gears. First slot forward—reverse—back—first; second slot forward—second; back—third, &c. See?"

"Why?" said Mr. Brown.

"Because that's the way it is," "I see," murmured the pupil.

"Next thing you gotta learn is the use of the clutch and brake. My rule is, use the clutch always and the brake whenever you think of it."

"Why?"

"Because it's a good rule," ordained Pop.

"Eh, huh," acknowledged the pupil.

"Now that's practically all there is to running a car," declared Pop.

The Love Stories Of Great Americans

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 35—DANIEL WEBSTER'S "VERSICAL WOOLING."

A BOY with pale face, luminous dark eyes, his huge head crowned with a mane of jet black hair, left the law school in 1803 and began his professional career near his Salisbury (N. H.) birthplace.

The neighbors did not expect him to amount to much, for he had been puny and not overstudious. It seemed ridiculous for him to try to make his way as a lawyer, because oratory in those days was a highly useful part of a lawyer's equipment, and young Daniel Webster, as a friend of his father prophesied, "would never get up gumption enough to make a speech." Even in school he had been too shy to "speak pieces."

But several things combined to drive away this shyness. One of these things was the discovery that girls went wild over him, and that in their presence he was no longer shy.

One girl in particular—Grace Fletcher, daughter of the Hopkinton Congregational minister—was irresistibly drawn to him, and he to her.

Webster first met her one Sunday in Salisbury as he was standing at the church door before service. Grace rode up on horseback, clad in a tight fitting black velvet riding habit—an unusual costume for a demure New Hampshire damsel to wear on the Sabbath (or for a poor clergyman's daughter to wear at all), and one that caused a ripple of admiration in the group of village swains at the church door.

Webster exclaimed aloud:

"She looks like an angel!"

Not stopping to realize that angels are seldom depicted in black velvet riding habits, he repeated the speech more than once in the days that followed. He sought Grace's acquaintance, and the wooing began.

Of all Webster's many rivals for Grace Fletcher's hand, none could cope with him in rhyming, and this gave him a strong advantage. His poems were not of the sentimental type, but more likely to awake smiles than sighs. Here is one of them, written on learning that his sweetheart had cut her foot on some garden utoall:

Just set the size or hoe or spade
That in thy foot this push has made!
From thy sweet lips did love but flow
Swift as blood pushes from thy toe,
So many beads would not complain
That all their toes and bows are vain!

In the midst of his love-making, in 1807, Webster left home and went to Portsmouth, N. H., to practice law. There at once he created a furor. One young lady who saw him in church on his first Sunday in Portsmouth—she was Miss Buckminster, daughter of a local clergyman—wrote later:

"I noted and remembered his striking features and look, and regarded him as one with great capacities for good or evil."

Another fair churchgoer, the same Sunday, announced "his hair lay on his ivory brow like a raven's wing." But all the admiration of Portsmouth's beauties was in vain. In May, 1808, Webster vanished from town, giving no hint as to his destination.

A few days later he came back, bringing with him Grace Fletcher, whom he had just married.

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A Real "Home Rule" Island.

THE Isle of Man is becoming a favorite resort for both summer and winter. The island is in the Irish Channel, about equidistant from England, Scotland and Ireland and is famed for its lovely scenery, excellent climate and the quaint old world flavor of its places and people.

Home rule, which Ireland has so long been fighting for, has been enjoyed by the Manxmen for many years. Although there are less than sixty thousand Manxmen, they have their own Parliament and courts. The House of Keys and the House of Lords hold annual sessions in Douglas, the capital, and the laws they pass are read aloud every year from Tynwald Hill.

The statutes are proclaimed in the Manx tongue, a language as distinct from English as Italian or German.

The Isle of Man was long a bone of contention among the kings of Northumberland, Scotland, Norway and England. The government, as it is in operation to-day in Half Caine's island, was established by Orry, a Scandinavian adventurer who made himself King of the island. He divided his kingdom into six shires, and this division, with four municipal districts, still serves in the election of members of the House of Keys. The bishopric of the Isle of Man is declared to have been founded by St. Patrick, who stopped off and established the see while on his way to Ireland.

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The May Manton Fashions

EVERY woman knows the comfort of a one-piece gown. This one requires few buttons for the closing, is the easiest and simplest in the world to adjust and takes the newest and smartest lines. The tunic flares gracefully over the narrow skirt, the sleeves are extended to the neck edge in raglan style and the chemise is finished with a Normandy collar. The checked tunic flares and is trimmed with champagne and made with a vest and collar of white fluff. It is very attractive in material as well as in style and the silk is one of the best liked materials of the season. It is available in almost any color and can be made in almost any size. For the medium size, the gown will require 27 yards 36, 6 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 44 and 34 yards of ribbon for the trimming. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern No. 8,377—Gown With Deep Tunic, 34 to 42 cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

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Steering, gears, clutch, brake. I've explained it all. And as soon as you get up to that willow tree I'm going to let you have the wheel. I believe in giving a man the mental side of it before he puts hand to the machine. Now, I'm going to let you prove my theory that a working, extensive knowledge of an automobile can be acquired in ten minutes."

"Who said it couldn't?" inquired Mr. Brown, getting ready to shift seats. "Simplest thing in the world, as you explain it. All I want to know, now, is WHY you do these things."

"The most important of all things about a motor car," suggested Pop darkly, "is never to use the word 'why.' Take everything for granted except the price of gasoline. Oh, one little thing I forgot. You see that knob down there to the right? That's the accelerator. It controls the gas. If you don't give her enough gas,

stops. If you give her too much she chokes. That's all. Now, my dear boy, you have the elements of driving at your finger's end. Go to it."

That's all we remember.

If there were more than two chickens, one cow, a picket fence and a front porch containing one dear old lady in the list of automobiles made for statistics Pop hasn't settled for them yet.

But he was convalescing nicely and we were convinced he was getting the phone rang and Ma came and said it was Mrs. Brown and that there was something bothering Mr. Brown so much that he couldn't sleep. He wanted to know WHY the car did that.

It was then that Pop's temperament played the devil with his temperance. And the hired girl left, because his fervent howl of epithets made her homesick for her husband in the city.

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